LIKE A ROLLING STONE

Words & Music by Bob Dylan

Bright

Verse

C
Dm7
C

Once upon a time you dressed so fine,
You threw the bums a dime

F
G7

in your prime,
Did - n't you?

C
Dm7
C
F

People'd call, say 'be - ware doll you're bound to fall,'
You thought they were all

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